

The **Quill**

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

WE devoted most of last month's column to stories taken from Miles Vaughn's highly praise-worthy "Covering the Far East." We want to bring you just one more story from the volume—one that proves again how difficult it is to stop or correct a story once it become popular and widely circulated—as, for example, the story of Washington, his little hatchet and the cherry tree.

This story has to do with the "three human bombs," since immortalized. We hope we're not imposing on the good nature of Correspondent Vaughn and his publishers, Covici-Friede, if we draw upon "Covering the Far East" for this one additional bit.

Speaking of the story, Vaughn reports: "The Japanese made much of it as an incident of fanatical bravery. The tale came to us through one of our Japanese reporters during the third week of the fighting and was confirmed by the Japanese command. It was related that a Japanese detachment had tried for two days to take a Chinese machine-gun nest built into the ruins of a destroyed farm house and protected by heavy barbed wire entanglements. There was no flanking the position and a frontal attack with the bayonet was decided upon. The unit commander called for volunteers to blow up the wire and three privates agreed to tie heavy bombs around their necks, dash from their trenches and throw themselves into the entanglement to die in an explosion which would clear a way for an attack by their comrades.

"We cabled the story," he continues, "as did the other correspondents, when we got it, but I never had believed that the details could be true. I managed to find the unit commander who had ordered the attack. From him I learned that the three privates had been blown to atoms, but their deaths had not been patriotic suicide as reported. What had happened was this:

"A pipe about 12 feet long, filled with high explosives, had been constructed as a special time bomb, and the plan called for the three men to leap from the trench, seize hand holds which had been fastened to the pipe, and dash forward to the wire entanglement sliding the bomb into posi-

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Editors Shouldn't Be Hermits!

By DAN ALBRECHT

AS a reporter of some years' experience at sliding into and climbing out of ruts, mental, political and hypothetical, I should like to suggest that it is about time for the editor, collectively speaking, to take a glance upward and look for the nearest handhold. For it seems to me that, if we menials of the newsroom have ever run on the single-track—as our dear critics frequently insist—the editors of the day are doing it now, and operating with flat wheels to boot.

Having mingled those metaphors for whatever rhetorical effect they may be worth, I now offer the assertion that too many newspaper bosses of the present are sitting placidly in their sancta, accumulating fat around the upper and lower extremities of the spinal column and losing, nay, tossing away, that communal spirit and interest in their fellows which once made them good newsmen.

Too many editors are following the line of least resistance, which is to say a course laid out by sighting straight along the bridge of the nose, while too many readers are coming to feel that, though they still can't quite get along without the daily paper, they must

seek leadership and intellectual stimulation elsewhere.

WHAT the editors do is really no concern of mine, except that I hope to continue earning my bread and oleomargarine in the newspaper business, and prospects aren't likely to be so good if things go on as they are.

With the radio to the right of us and God knows what new experiments in magazine-making to the left of us, we knights of newsprint can scarcely hope to charge in and grab off our accustomed chunk of advertising revenue unless we keep our sabers sharp and our wits in high gear.

If the advertisers are to continue advertising, we must keep the people reading us and believing in us, and to do that we must have inspiration from the top. The best writers and the sharpest news-noses will produce but a flabby, disjointed journal unless the guy behind the frosted-glass door is holding his ear to the ground, constantly on the alert for changes in the thundering march of the mass-mind. A brilliant leader, someone has said, is one who finds out where his people want to go and then gets out in front



Dan Albrecht

of them while they go there. In contrast, we see many newspapers today either bringing up the rear of the parade or moving in an entirely different direction.

WHEN a calm observer like Howard Vincent O'Brien of the *Chicago Daily News* says, "Public confidence is at low ebb so far as newspapers are concerned," gentlemen, that is not merely the shifting of the cargo in our hold, that is the rending of the seams as our bottom cracks open and lets the cold sea-water in. We may keep the craft afloat for a while, but we'd better man the pumps and send the carpenters below or there'll be nothing left but the lifeboats.

Getting back to my original point about editors sitting in offices, it has always seemed to me something of a tragedy that a good newspaperman should be tied down to a flat-top desk eight hours a day just because somebody wants to pay him \$5,000 a year and up for running things.

Factory managers or department store executives take naturally to the swivel chair, because that is where most of them can do their most effective work; but editors, no. They are running a business that depends for its success upon public response, and it's up to them, at least I think it's up to them, to get out on the street and see what the people are thinking, reading and talking about.

ONE newspaper boss, with whose daily routine I am fairly familiar, comes to his glass-walled cage at the back of the editorial room promptly at 8:30 every morning five days a

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ARE newspaper editors out of touch with their readers? Are they so chained to their desks they no longer know what the man in the street is thinking and talking about?

Dan Albrecht, of the Elkhart (Ind.) *Daily Truth* believes they are—and makes a good case for his view in the accompanying article which declares that the editor should spend less time at his desk—more out among his readers, on the street, in listening to the men of his staff, in order that he might better know what the rest of the world is talking about.

We would like to second these remarks—with a suggestion that when the editor goes out on his ear-to-the-ground, mingling-among-the-crowd, shoulder-rubbing expedition that he take his publisher along. Maybe the publisher would understand the editor better, also his problems, after such a jaunt.

Mr. Albrecht is no tiro at the newspaper business. He's been at it something like 10 years. He was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1928, where he was president of the Sigma Delta Chi chapter in his senior year. Since leaving the university he has been associated with the Elkhart *Truth*, covering the courts and doing general assignments.

Open Letter to the Christian Century

THIS is a reply to your unmerited attack upon the press of America in connection with the outcome of the November third election.

When history records its verdict as to whether the "New Deal" policies are substantial and lasting or whether they are largely political and for vote-getting purposes—then and not until then can a fair appraisal be made as to whether the criticism of the American press was proper and fair. Perhaps it may be proved that all that has been said was true and that more could properly have been said.

LET'S analyze briefly the final vote of 27,751,612 for Roosevelt and 16,681,913 for Landon.

On November 3rd last, there were approximately eleven million on relief. There were about one million government jobholders. There were close to two million who had received checks from the federal government for farm aid. Here is a total of fourteen million votes, to say nothing of the votes of their dependents, friends and relatives.

Roosevelt secured eleven million more votes than Landon. A switch of only one-half of the fourteen million votes, presumably influenced by personal interest, would have made Landon the victor by a comfortable margin, as regards the popular vote.

The above figures takes no account of the labor vote which went one hundred per cent for Roosevelt.

WITH Harry Bridges and other aliens giving orders to Western America through a complete three months tie-up of 234 ships along the Pacific Coast and John L. Lewis in answering the question, "Is it time for President Roosevelt to intervene in the Auto Workers' strike," with the reply, "That's up to the President—but labor intervened for him"—it is fair to ask, did the American press go far enough?

With union labor tying up Pacific Coast maritime commerce and union labor maintaining illegal possession of automotive plants—perhaps it's too early to say that criticisms of the Roosevelt New Deal policies and its subservience to labor were too severe.

With America's debt by far the largest in all history of any nation and a balanced budget far in the distant future, with an income tax that is appalling and one that compels a nation-

By JOHN G. KELLY

Publisher, the Union-Bulletin,
Walla Walla, Washington

wide hesitation on the part of capital, business and industry and the unemployment problem yet far from solution, it would fairly appear your criticism of the American press is decidedly unwarranted.

Why not await the effects of the 1936 Income Tax, especially the inexcusable surtax on undistributed earnings of corporation incomes?

If corporations, which furnish nearly the entire industrial employment of America, are to be penalized by this law, which makes it impossible to apply earnings to payment of obligations and practically prohibits the use of earnings to build new plants and equip them and expand others, how can industry consistently be expected to further assist national recovery?

FOR these and other reasons, your arraignment of the American press is both premature and unfair.

Landon went into the presidential race unknown outside his home state. He received almost, not quite a million votes more than Herbert Hoover in 1932, although Hoover had back of him the prestige of the presidency including nationwide federal patronage, besides having been for years not only a national figure but one of international renown. So it fairly ap-

THE December issue of The Quill carried the Christian Century's widely read and commented upon "Open Letter to Publishers." In this open letter the press was given the most outspoken attack that has appeared as a result of the November election. We felt that Quill readers would be interested in the letter—that they should know the nature of its contents. We also felt that it would draw reply. It did.

Here is the reply of John G. Kelly, publisher of the Walla Walla Union and the Walla Walla Daily Bulletin of Walla Walla, Wash. We believe you will be as interested in his reply as you were in the attack of the Christian Century.



John G. Kelly

pears that the American press did quite an effective job of selling.

Regardless of editorial opinion during the 1936 campaign, the American press gave equal news prominence to the views of both presidential candidates. Few newspapers followed the outworn policy of editorializing their news columns. The press uniformly gave equal publicity to radio addresses of both candidates.

I might go on at further length, but I feel I have proved my case, to the effect that the charges and insinuations in your article are not well-founded and are unfair. Your premises are unsound. It follows reasonably that your conclusions are in error.

Your entire article convinces me that you are entirely ignorant and therefore incapable of fairly judging the present open-minded consideration and formulation of news and editorial policies of American newspapers, as I have known and experienced them in daily newspaper work as writer, editor, manager, publisher and owner of daily papers in Kansas City, Omaha, Chicago and Walla Walla for the past 53 years.

The American press as I know it, is primarily concerned in the careful analysis of all political and economic questions from the sole viewpoint of advancement of the public welfare and in the courageous presentation of it to the American public. Whether the position of the press is accepted or rejected is of decided secondary importance.

I'm Disgusted With Me!

This Small Town Scribe Strikes Back At His Tormentors on the State Desk

By Kyle Vance

I'M an out-of-town correspondent for a newspaper. I have read in two recent issue of *THE QUILL* "how ignorant I am," and I am disgusted with me.

I'm not sure, though, that State Editors Krawcheck and Leighty exposed my methods of reporting just right in telling "Why State Editors Grow Old Young" and in "Ah Wilderness—a Continuation," so I am going to speak a piece for myself and Jack Schplitzenwaller, my paper's Possom Hollow correspondent.

But first let me explain that my state editor is a prince of a fellow and I like him, but I'm afraid he, like Krawcheck and Leighty, feels sorry for himself because he has to interpret such lousy, illegible copy from me and Jack, and contend with our dogged telephone information.

NOW, I cover a territory where there occasionally are some pretty good stories. My town is a county seat and my paper boasts an extra-good circulation in it. For that reason my stories are seldom whittled upon.

But over at Possom Hollow there doesn't occur an incident of ordinary news value once a month, or more. Everybody knows everybody and their business, and Jack's duty is duly limited to getting his people's names in the columns. When there does break a pretty good story, Jack hasn't had enough experience to know any too well how to cover it, and, anyway, he's not supposed to be a star-caliber reporter what for six cents an inch.

That takes care of Jack's incompetency, and now I'm going to tell you about me.

I know a story before it bites me. I'm a good reporter. But give me another year corresponding in a small town and I'll go nuts—before you, Mr. State Editor.

NEWs gathering in a small town necessitates a nose for news, all right, but that is a primary requirement of all the correspondent's qualifications. He must be an intimate friend of the sheriff, doctors, lawyers, nurses, court clerks, police, trustee, register of deeds, mayor, and what have you. He must, by some means, prepare them to sympathize with his news needs, and, if possible, educate their noses for news so that they might recognize it when they have done something of news value. And that is hard to do, impossible with some.

And most of them don't care a hell of a lot whether or not you are their friend, unless they think you can help reelect them some time with your paper, and they know you can't.

An ordinary example:

I walk past the steps that lead to a doctor's office, and a man hobbles out with his head all bandaged up. I at first assume he has been in a fight—and fights in my "beat" are quite ordinary—or has run his skull through a windshield in an automobile accident.

I go up to the doc's office and ask about the man, and this particular doc isn't too talkative. "Some guys slugged him," he says.

"A fight?" I question.

"No. Not exactly."

"What, then?"

"Oh, I don't know, son. He had



Kyle Vance

some money or something. They tried to beat out of him where he hid it."

WELL, I immediately recognize the value of the story.

I ask the guy's name, and all I find out is, "Harris. Ed, Fred, or something, Harris." And I find out some deputies investigated, but there are dozens of deputies on the sheriff's force, all afraid to talk, afraid they might tell something they shouldn't.

I call my state editor and tell him all I know about the extortion in case he wants to prepare to play it up pretty big, and he has a fit and tells me to hurry and get some information. I tell him I will in a confident tone, but I am almost disgusted already, because I know how hard it will be to find out just which deputies investigated and then find out from them what they know.

I go to the sheriff's office, where I find a group of deputies confabbing and whittling. I ask them who investigated the extortion, and one pops up with: "What extortion?"

Just before I slump, another says: "Why, didn't you hear, J. B.? A pack of hoodlums cornered that old miser up Echo Cove and . . ."

I listen to the story and find out everything but the victim's name, and none of them know it. The sheriff's phone rings and it's for me. It's my state editor and he wants to know if I'm ready to tell him the facts. I tell him what I know and he bursts out with he can't write a story unless he knows who the guy was. "Find out! Hurry!" he advises.

I then find out from the deputies who

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WE wondered how long the criticisms of country correspondents voiced by Julian Krawcheck, state editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) *Observer*, and George Leighty, state editor of the Alton (Ill.) *Evening Telegraph*, would go unchallenged. Well, the counter-attack is under way with Kyle Vance, Erwin, Tenn., correspondent for the Johnson City (Tenn.) *Press* tossing back a few of the verbal grenades of Messrs. Krawcheck and Leighty. We can't let this scrap run on all winter—but we'll let the boys stay in there and swing for a time. There's the bell!



Wash Tubbs

EARLY one morning in 1920, a slim, wistful young chap hopped off a Texas freight train in Galveston and wished he were landing in Bagdad.

Begrimed and broke, an American "tourist" in Antwerp missed his ship one night back in 1925 and so crawled into a box on the wharf to sleep.

A comic strip artist decided to have his leading character join a circus so he signed up himself under Slivers Johnson, the great clown, and for many weeks did his two-a-day under the Big Top.

LIFE has been like that for Roy Crane, star NEA Service artist who draws the irrepressible Wash Tubbs daily and the Captain Easy Sunday page, and who incidentally, was the lad in Galveston, the "tourist" in Antwerp and the clown under Slivers Johnson.

Crane has dipped into high adventure and strange places around the world and out of his great store of experiences draws daily the exciting episodes upon which the diminutive Wash is always bound.

The two are very much alike, in fact. That is because Wash Tubbs' ever nomadic life was Roy Crane's one time, and still is for that matter whenever Roy picks up his drawing board in NEA's Cleveland office and starts out for new ventures.

Crane draws as he sees things. The steaming miasma of Georgia's Okefenokee swamp he caught first hand. Wash's travels in Old Mexico were set against authentic background. And currently, Roy is doing a southwest locale from his temporary winter home in San Antonio.

With the first sign of winter, Roy heads south every year. Usually it's

Three Adventurers of

Roy Crane and His Pals, Wash Tubbs and Capt. Easy, Share Daring Deeds

By PAUL FRIGGENS

Staff Correspondent, NEA Service

the Southwest. That's perhaps because he was born there—35 years ago in Abilene, Texas, wide-open old cow town of cow towns.

But Roy didn't stay around long enough to see much of Abilene's life of 1900. Those were frontier boom days and his parents soon packed him off to Sweetwater, Tex., a village then of 600. Citizens called it "The City of Opportunity" and at the very first opportunity after leaving high school young Crane said "Goodbye" to it.

He spent the next four years in college, one at Simmons and three at the University of Texas. He left the latter with faculty approval. Subsequently he enrolled at the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago.

Looking back now on those days Roy tells you:

"No, I wasn't exactly a howling success at college. I don't know that I was handicapped by a powerful aversion to mental labor, but I did find that studies were interfering tremendously with my education."

And when studies interfere with one's education, there's only one remedy, Crane believes—that's travel. He tried just that.

ROY and a college buddy hopped the first freight train out of Sweetwater. Together they managed a living and a good bit of travel, too. Yes, they worked—at least Roy's partner did. Roy used to prospect for jobs, turning them over to his partner when he found them.

Eventually the two reached Galveston that morning back in 1920 and parted company. Roy's companion went back to a steady job and Roy signed up to sail for Europe on a freighter. Wanderlust had definitely claimed him.

Succeeding weeks saw Roy Crane tramping the Continent, doing odd jobs, sightseeing along unbeaten paths, storing adventure upon adventure. Finally he headed homeward. In Antwerp, less than five francs in his pocket, Crane raced madly to the freighter docks, found his ship a mile out at sea.

That night he slept in a box on the wharf. In the morning he called on the United States consul for help. He got turned down but an employee in the U. S. Shipping Board office loaned him enough money to reach London, where he caught up with his ship.

Severe storms plagued Roy's freighter most of the way to America. Arriving in New York, a coal hatch exploded and the vessel burned. Crane escaped. Adventure. Then Crane joined a New York newspaper staff. More adventure.

TWO years Roy spent in the reporting game. Meanwhile the old urge to draw was growing on him. He sought an opening, and he found it with NEA, world's largest newspaper feature service.

One day Crane sought permission to do a comic strip of his own, got it, and the lovable little G. Washington

HERE'S another of the "Stories of the Cartoon Strips and Their Creators" which The Quill has been presenting from month to month. This one treats of Roy Crane, NEA artist, and his characters Wash Tubbs and Capt. Easy. It was prepared for The Quill by Paul Friggens, NEA staff correspondent, who has appeared several times previously in the magazine. Mr. Friggens was graduated from the University of South Dakota in 1931. For a time he operated his own news bureaus in Belle Fourche and Pierre, S. D., then joined the staff of the United Press. Subsequently he was connected with United Features Syndicate before joining NEA Service, Inc., at Cleveland.

the Drawing Board

Tubbs, with his curly hair and his penchant for adventure and trouble, was born. Happy-go-lucky, brimming over with the sheer joy of living, Wash was Roy Crane personified.

Roy would hardly put it that way but Hal Cochran, NEA's comic art director, can't be convinced otherwise. It's Cochran's job to advise with Crane on new continuities, keep the strip well on schedule. And when Rop hops off around the country for new ideas, local color, and invariably a bit of fast fishing, it's a real job keeping up with him, Cochran will tell you. Frequently Roy's traveling interferes with his drawing. When it does he's pretty sure to airmail this sort of memorandum:

(Here's a recent one.)

"Dear Hal:

"Well, I may not be so good at getting the old work out when I say I will, but this time it's a cold—my yearly cold. . . .

"Love and Kisses,

"Roy."

Or, a few days later, back on schedule again, Crane will send something like this:

"Dear Old Halzy-Palzy-Walzy:

"I feel at liberty to address you so familiarly, on account of I'm setting pretty good at present concerning work and such. Maybe you aren't aware of the fact, but such, I believe, is the case. There'll be another Sunday right away and I have about six dailies written out. In fact, I feel I'm settin' so nicely I may knock off Sat. and Sun. and go fishing. Now don't go sending me any telegrams saying I can't.

"I've had my damn schnozzle buried in the ink well long enough. But then if you say this is N. G., I'll promise to call off the fishing.

"Roy."

AND so it goes. But Crane manages to put Wash through his paces on schedule year in and out, snare a few speckled beauties now and then, travel



Capt. Easy

into new corners of this old world, and hold unestimated millions of his readers at the same time.

How does he do it at all?

"Work like hell—when I'm behind schedule," is the laconic Crane reply.

Crane's daily Wash Tubbs strip and his Sunday Captain Easy page roll along with plenty of action and a free use of slang to denote character. Entertainment is the sole aim of his drawings. They've got a moral angle, too, however.

"My idea is that heroes stand for principles our parents try to teach us," Crane explains.

Captain Easy of the Sunday page found his way into Crane's daily strip as a side character years after Wash was started on his adventurous ways. Crane intended to drop him at the end of a certain continuity. But the fans wouldn't let him!

So lanky two-fisted Easy became a hero in his own right and today strides all over a Sunday page of his own without the company of his "podner" Wash. The two are pretty inseparable though during the other six days of the week.

BACK in Cleveland one finds that Crane has other hobbies besides fishing and traveling. He's an ace collector and beater-upper on African tom toms. His Cleveland home is lined with them. And Roy Crane can produce some high adventure in weird tunes on them.

Incidentally, these tom toms are the bane of Mrs. Crane's housekeeping. Crane's two little daughters, Nancy and Marcia find them useful, however, indicating perhaps that they've already caught that Crane flare for odd adventure.



Artist Roy Crane at his Drawing Board

Why Not Train Your Correspondents?

By JOHN BURNHAM

Managing Editor,
The Waupaca (Wis.) County Post

IN succeeding issues of *THE QUILL* we have read the vitriolic and picturesque laments of state editors, deploring the quality of material which comes to their desks.

Most striking about both of these articles is that neither of these overwrought state editors concluded by proposing a remedy or telling, "The way I improved the quality of correspondence . . ."

In a manner which is possibly unique I've tried to meet this problem, but to get the picture in focus I must make an immodest lapse into my own biography.

BORN into a newspaper family I completed the course in journalism at the University of Wisconsin—incidentally, with honors—followed that with two years of reporting and desk work on a Milwaukee daily newspaper and then returned to the county seat weekly which my father had published for 20 years and on which I had learned the rudiments of rural newspaper work.

A bid to teach journalism was turned down because of a death in my family and my "temporary" return to the weekly field now stretches into its tenth year. During these 10 years we've made a modest success, won a few press association prizes, instituted a couple of civic reforms.

Three years ago I acquired an orphan weekly in a community (fifteen) miles away. There, where correspondents were less carefully and less painstakingly trained than on our 85-year-old home weekly, I learned just how

bad, how incoherent, how illegible, how crude in expression rural correspondence could be.

ONE day, chatting with the school superintendent, I asked him how many boys and girls went on from high school to higher educational institutions. He admitted that of a dozen graduates possibly one or two would do so. Asked concerning the others he granted that they would remain in the community, placed by their high school education in places of leadership in community activities.

I went home, smoked and thought awhile, pictured those youngsters as future co-op leaders, rural school teachers, women's club secretaries, Grange correspondents. I went into a huddle with the school principal and he had a session with his high school seniors.

Of 15 of them, a round dozen elected to take a one-hour course in news writing each week with credit in their English course. I wrote to the late "Daddy" Bleyer at Madison, received some materials from him, dusted off a few old journalism texts and took my first try at teaching.

From the first I aimed to make these classes informal, make the subject-matter so interesting that those kids would work of their own volition, make the work practical when possible and make the theory seem logical. I lectured a few minutes during each hour, first telling them of the changes in communication since the old minstrel singers, telling them about the first courants and news letters, of



John Burnham

struggling journalism incased in the conservatism of the old country.

THEN I tried to picture the romance and absolute courage of early colonial journalism, told of vivid pictures and brave news organs, ended the panorama with a glimpse of the dazzling, mechanically marvelous journalism of today. In telling them, in later sessions, about the proverbial five W's and AP lead, I tried always to point out clearly the *why* of each journalistic practice. I tried to tell why each seemingly silly mechanical rule was based on sound practice and not on the whim of someone long dead.

Soon we organized a staff, had our high school news published in the local weekly with these boys and girls responsible staff members. Looking back at those files I'm amazed to see how good some of that copy was, how quickly those kids learned to have real news sense, how to write well-balanced, literate, interesting news stories. And remember that I continued those classes for only one semester, until the roads made travel difficult.

A couple weeks ago I solicited a local University of Wisconsin journalism senior to write a "local angle" yarn on the Glenn Frank-LaFollette controversy. It seemed a chance to make a local angle out of a state story of national prominence. The vacationing senior did an excellent job, yet when I pencil-jabbed his copy here and there I reflected that those high school seniors, with a scarce dozen hours of my amateur news writing course did wholly comparable work.

SO I taught a few youngsters who some day will handle their Grange

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THE QUILL for February, 1937

STATE Editors Krawcheck and Leighty certainly have stirred things up in the journalistic hinterland where the country scribes go about their task of gathering material. The scribes are striking back—and here comes a query from a managing editor who asks why—if state editors don't like the stuff they get from their correspondents—they don't do something about it. Then he suggests how a paper might train its correspondents.

The Story of Sigma Delta Chi

Co-Founder of Journalism Fraternity Relates Details of Its Organization

By WILLIAM M. GLENN

Editor, the Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel

NEARLY 30 years ago, two young, ambitious undergraduates at De Pauw University, Greencastle, Ind., had an idea which brought about the creation of Sigma Delta Chi in the fall of 1908, actual birth of the fraternity falling on April 17, 1909.

Laurence H. Sloan and the writer became buddies in beautiful Greencastle, where any sort of a romance, business or marital, can be developed. The rolling hills and picturesque stone-walls, the beautiful trees and pretty girls of old De Pauw probably inspired "Snooks" and myself to go in for something that would be as enduring as the sun and moon, more constant than the stars, for stars are known to shoot and drop.

Sigma Delta Chi was planned—it was no haphazard gamble. It was as much planned as a new newspaper plant or governmental plan under the New Dealers. We were sure of ourselves, as youth always is. We had no qualms or fears—we went right

ahead with a ritual, constitution and by-laws, night after night, for a period of several months.

We knew Sigma Delta Chi would go over, that it would fill a place in embryo American journalism, especially in those colleges and universities which had budding schools of journalism, small publications and lots of social life, manifested in scores of Greek letter fraternities.

The only thing that we did not take into consideration was the amazing growth which Sigma Delta Chi would make in a few fleeting years. We knew that Alpha Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi would set on fire old De Pauw and the campus, electrify some of our rivals, and please our co-ed sweethearts.

SIGMA DELTA CHI was not an accident—it was a fraternity founded as securely as the pyramid which old King Cheops built 4,106 years ago to relieve unemployment!

It is well to consider the period in world's history during which Sigma Delta Chi was created and founded. In retrospect and from reflection we might say our fraternity was born during an era of complacency, an age of romance and dreams, if you please.

The big money panic of Wall Street had been history for a full year when the urge to establish a Journalistic Fraternity struck Greencastle, Indiana. Contemporary with the period, William Howard Taft had been President since March 4, 1909, and what could have been more restful than that!

Soothing syrup was being taken in large quantities throughout Europe. Crowned heads were visiting each other—Czar Nicholas was visiting Cousin King George V. Kaiser Wilhelm was trotting from nation to nation; even Roosevelt I had tripped to Potsdam—he had told the Kaiser what a find he had in his goose-steppers and how he could whip the world at a moment's notice! Alphonso XIII had just been married, and to crown the day of romance the North and South Poles had been discovered.

Little did your founders dream that



William M. Glenn

Co-founder of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, and first president of the first chapter of the organization, Mr. Glenn is admirably fitted to tell the story of its early days.

within a few years the 300-year-old Romanoff Dynasty would crumble, that the world would be nearly consumed by war, and new wrinkles in journalism, transportation, intelligence and industry would be created.

When Laurence Henry Sloan, 27



Laurence H. Sloan

First national president of Sigma Delta Chi. Mr. Sloan's part in the founding of the fraternity is told in intimate fashion in the accompanying article. Mr. Sloan is vice-president of Standard Statistics, Inc., and a trustee of The Quill Endowment Fund.

THE QUILL for February, 1937

MANY organizations neglect to chronicle the stories of their foundings until it is too late—until memories are dim, the past gone beyond recall. Others fail to keep their stories up to date as they go marching down through the years.

Sigma Delta Chi is fortunate in that the men who founded the organization, with one exception, are still living and active. Seeking to link the past with the present, William M. Glenn, who with Laurence H. Sloan conceived the idea of the fraternity, was asked to tell the story of its founding at the twenty-first convention, held in Dallas.

His interesting account begins in this issue of the magazine—and will be completed next month. We suggest its preservation for future reference.

years ago, would nocturnally come to the old Delta Tau Delta house in Greencastle, with his miniature Diffendorfer typewriter dangling from one hand, and a vile stogey in the other, he had determination in one eye, and resolve in the other, and a dream under his old felt hat.

Sloan was a sophomore in college, and I was a junior, which probably induced him to invariably seek my fraternity house, rather than his, Phi Delta Theta. Sophomores always were supposed to respect juniors, and juniors looked up to seniors.

He would sit down in the living room of the fraternity house, shove the typewriter toward me and begin dictating. He loved to dictate. He has ever since. I would suggest something, and his resourceful mind would suggest something else, and then we would blast the Diffendorfer into veritable shreds.

After nearly every sentence Sloan would r'ar back in his seat, get off a big horse laugh and exclaim, "How's that—how's that? That ought to knock 'em dead." And then we would go on with the imperishable ritual devoted to all of the attributes of Sigma and Delta and Chi.

The name of Sigma Delta Chi was originated after we had searched every directory and manual of college fraternities in the world—there was no combination of Sigma Delta Chi.

"It's a lead-pipe cinch that after we get a name that nobody else has, we have got something," Sloan would exclaim. "A name is everything, and Sigma Delta Chi looks pretty good to me—it has a rhythmic flow like the old Wabash, it's as lyrical as one of old Jim's (James Whitcomb Riley) poems, you can't defeat a name, just like a human being's name. Now, what we have got to do is go through the dictionaries and find out what 'Sigma' means, what 'Delta' means and what 'Chi' means, and see if we cannot get an analogy between the three Greek letters and the exalted profession of journalism.

AFTER weeks of writing and rewriting, the ritual, by-laws and constitution were finished. As we wrote and rewrote the lines of the ritual, Sloan would stop reading and reciting them, and tap with his Number Ten on the floor, indicating a lapse of time, as the neophyte was lead blindfolded around the room and in front of the four altars, all symbolic of some essential and basic fundamental of journalism—accuracy, fair play, freedom of the press, headlines, copy, typographical errors, anything that we could think of.

We dipped our quills of inspiration into the ink of determination, and

blasted away, day after day. On the campus, or at some smoker, Sloan would lean over and ask in a hushed tone, "got any new idea? Thought of anything else? Who we going to take in?" Then we would dream and work some more.

As I look back over the intervening years, I am confident that we bound ourselves to secrecy, and I know of no one who was taken into our confidence until possibly three or four weeks before our announcement.

Sloan and I will agree that we were the "big shots" when it came to picking something out of the sky and placing it in 40 American universities and colleges, and spurring the hearts of hundreds of aspiring newspapermen, and glorifying the more exalted and settled alumni and honorary members who have gone through the mill and made good.

There is everlasting glory for the 10 charter members and founders of Sigma Delta Chi. They were Gilbert B. Clippinger, Indianapolis, deceased; Charles A. Fisher, teacher, Ann Arbor; W. M. Glenn, editor, Orlando, Fla.; Marion H. Hedges, writer, Washington, D. C.; L. Aldis Hutchens, teacher, Chicago; Edward H. Lockwood, Y. M. C. A., China; LeRoy H. Millikan, welfare, Indianapolis; Eugene C. Pulliam, publisher, Lebanon, Ind.; Paul M. Riddick, publisher, LaGrange, Ind.; and Laurence H. Sloan, financial writer and statistician, New York—one editor, two publishers, two writers, two teachers and two social workers.

Three are actively engaged in the newspaper game, and two are in related or allied agencies—five in all, or 50 per cent, who have followed through—an excellent and unusual showing.

SELECTING outstanding and predominating colors for the Fraternity was an easy matter, black and white being selected for obvious reasons—black for ink, white for paper.

The pin was originated by your speaker, and remains today much as it was drafted, 27 years ago, a square likened after Delta Tau Delta, a scroll which appears on Phi Delta Theta pins or badges, Aladdin's lamp of knowledge to the left, a star to the right, the scroll in the center being pierced by a quill.

It was a most momentous day when 10 charter members of Sigma Delta Chi made their appearance May 6 (27 years ago) in Meharry Hall of De Pauw University immediately prior to opening of the usual morning devotional exercises, conducted by then president, Francis J. McConnell, now a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

After all of the student body had

been seated, we proceeded down the main aisle from the rear, took our seats in a specially reserved pew, and allowed the students to stare at us in wonderment. On the coat lapel of each was a short black silk ribbon with Sigma Delta Chi in white letters. The next day's issue of the *De Pauw Daily* carried the astounding news of De Pauw's newest "Greek child."

After the ritual, by-laws and constitution had been written by Sloan and myself, and later submitted to the other eight selected charter members, virtually no changes appeared until secrecy was banned at the 1920 convention.

MOST founders who found something think they had a spark of ethereal inspiration—especially 27 years after the founding. The majority of founders, in after years, feel that the muse slapped them full between the eyes, that they were apostles and seers to lead future generations of unborn followers along paths of superb genius or something. But Sloan and I held no such beliefs, I am sure. We sought solace in chatter. It was the male of the species yearning for comfort—a direct opposite to study—routine and the regularity of college curriculum.

We never thought of the constitution or freedom of speech. What cared we for 300,000,000 mental robots in Germany, Italy and Russia, meeting a large payroll on Saturday or a milline advertising rate—that never entered our heads—we just drafted a ritual.

Nor did we try to bridge the years and visualize 40 chapters of Sigma Delta Chi in American universities and colleges with a membership of 10,000.

Had we dreamed of national fame for our fraternity the foundation might have been mud instead of granite.

[To Be Continued]

WILMER D. CRESSMAN, JR. (Penn State Associate) recently was named editor of the Norristown (Pa.) *Times Herald*. WILLIAM Y. E. RAMBO (Penn State '35) has joined the reportorial staff of the same newspaper, transferring from the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger*.

★ Four Sigma Delta Chi members are members of the staffs of *Central Press Association*, *King Features* and *International News Service* in Cleveland, O., all located at 1435 East 12th St., with offices adjoining on the third floor. COURTLAND C. SMITH (Michigan '28) is managing editor of *Central Press Association*. WALTER L. JOHNS (Western Reserve '34) is an editorial assistant to Smith. M. O. CHENOWETH (Ohio State '30), former manager of the Cleveland bureau of *International News Service*, now is Cleveland editor of *King Features* magazine service. JOSEPH RUKENBROD (Ohio State '30) is assistant manager of the Cleveland office of *International News Service*.

THE QUILL for February, 1937

Now That You've Asked Me—

In Which a Reporter Answers A Few Queries About Himself

By RALPH B. JORDAN

Pacific Coast Staff,
International News Service

IM a newspaperman because I like the business better than any other.

I became a newspaperman by accident and stayed one by design. I was delivering morning newspapers in Salt Lake during my freshman year in high school. The carriers had a little paper and prizes were given for stories. I wrote a story about a watermelon bust we all went on and it won a prize. Somebody called it to the attention of the city editor and he asked me if I'd like to be high school correspondent for the paper, at \$5 a week, writing little items about sports, etc. That was like opening up a dream world for me—getting paid for writing, which I loved. I was gloriously happy in getting my little stories and writing them. Still am. I knew from the start what I wanted, went on to become police reporter, copy reader and sports editor before I finished college.

IT'S pretty hard to pick out one thrill, because there are various kinds of thrills for a newspaperman—the thrill of danger and the thrill of accomplishment.

I guess my greatest thrills of danger were:

(a) While covering the fleet maneuvers in Hawaiian waters a twin-motored bomber in which I was riding conked out about 2,000 feet over the island of Oahu. There was nothing but the ocean or a ploughed field of sugar cane on which to land. It was quite a thrill contemplating what would happen to us in either event. However, we landed okay, although a bit roughly, in the sugar cane.

(b) During the lynching of two kidnapers and murderers at San Jose, Calif., a wild-eyed lyncher put a pistol to a photographer's back and said he would kill the photog. I made a grab

for the gun (without thinking, of course, most photographers should be shot anyway) and the lyncher turned on me, putting the gun in my fat stomach with the announcement he would shoot me instead of the photog. Fortunately, he changed his mind and just socked me over the head. Nothing serious, my head not being a vulnerable spot.

My greatest thrill of accomplishment (pardon the word) was in starting out in the dark, literally and figuratively, to look for a shipwreck on the California coast and in finding 11 destroyers tossed up on the rocks at Point Honda and no other newspapermen there. Incidentally, they didn't get there until eight hours later, making Point Honda that day a newspaperman's heaven for me—a big story and no opposition.

THERE are three stories I recall as the greatest, at least the most interesting, on which I worked—the William Desmond Taylor murder in Hollywood, the Aimee Semple McPherson disappearance, and the David A. Lamson case at Stanford.

My most difficult assignment was to find a girl in Hollywood who had disappeared at the church after marrying a Milwaukee beer baron. She was thought to be in Hollywood under an assumed name, but my informant didn't know what the name was, nor where I might find her. And I didn't know what she looked like. It took me three months to find her, and then another three months to make her admit her identity.

Your question about THE greatest assignment reminds me of a reporter on a Los Angeles paper who asked the city editor what kind of a headline the paper would run if Mary Pickford should kill Douglas Fairbanks and elope with Will Hays. The city editor said:

"We'd just turn the paper lengthwise and put on a line, 'God Almighty!'"

THE most interesting personality I ever contacted—most interesting to me, at least—was Admiral Joseph Mason Reeves. He has the coldest, sharpest brain and the clearest conception of his problems of any person I ever met. He's like a brilliant piece of ice-cold steel and the fleet in general feels he's the most competent commander of modern times. I suppose other per-

[Concluded on page 20]



If all assignments were like the one pictured here—showing Ralph Jordan interviewing Jeanette MacDonald, lovely film star—wouldn't newspapering be swell!

It probably happened on the day that a peg-troused advertising solicitor received the "no sale" sign from John Jones, dealer in general merchandise.

"If you ran a store," the skeptical merchant probably argued over his cracker box, "would you advertise in that newspaper of yours?"

We picture the puzzled ad man returning to his office and closeting himself with the editor. We see their mental turmoil: the awakening, the tossing of an obsolete herring out the window . . . and the formation of a brand new idea that was soon to take root in Twentieth Century journalism. In simple words, the inspiration was this:

"If a newspaper is good enough for the advertising of merchants, then it's also good enough for the advertising of the newspaper itself."

Designating that idea was a single word that had sleight-of-hand history . . . a shady connection with legal larceny and gold mines that contained no pay dirt. That word, now cleansed of its impurities and branded firmly in the minds of progressive newspaper publishers, is . . .

PROMOTION!

YOU know what it is, yet you may have trouble defining it. You know that promotion is a general program of interest building, one that may have a thousand angles or a single plan. But when you apply it to the average small-town newspaper it may mean anything in the line of newspaper salesmanship which will build interest among present subscribers, boost cir-

TRUE
BY THE
SUN

LIDA LARRIMORE'S
ROMANTIC
SERIAL
RUNNING IN

The Tipton Times

Brightly colored window cards of this type help "sell" new serials to readers and non-readers.



A constant barrage of promotional ads such as these will make

Have You Learned How

By JOE W. L.

Assistant Promotional
Western Newspapers

culcation and help advertising revenue. It may consist of a plain display ad announcing a new feature, an extravagant program of contests and free souvenirs, the sponsorship of a public event . . . anything to make the community appreciate its newspaper as a valuable advertising medium and public organ.

If you think about it obliquely, promotion can foam up into such a complicated plan that it loses all reason. But in the correct proportion to your paper's size, it is tantamount to an injection of life blood.

LOOK at the matter logically:

No publisher has escaped the pitiful feeling of desolation that comes from a good newspaper not appreciated. American readers are generally the most apathetic lot in the world. You can feed them the highest type of feature material available, yet they'll never see it under ordinary conditions. You have to hit them over the head with a mallet; you have to froth at the mouth and point a quivering finger at bylines that should make them gasp with awe; you have to shout into their deaf ears: "See here! Look what my paper gives you for those measly few pennies an issue!"

Such tactics fall under the general heading of promotion. It's a justifi-

How well, in this era of endless ballyhoo, a newspaper telling its story to its actual and potential readers—making apparent itself to the community—making apparent its issue? Here's an article offering practical suggestions for the small newspaper, large and small. Its author, Joe L. Williams, is North Dakota's department of journalism. He has been in the newspaper press as editor of the New Ulm Review, a weekly. He is now assistant to D. F. Williams, Union's sales and promotion manager.

able process of breaking down apathy, of exploiting your readers' weaknesses for your own benefit. If it chafes against your finer sensibilities, then the time has come for a reorganization of those sensibilities. Modern newspaper success calls for action . . . and promotion is a streamlined weapon!

Metropolitan dailies are self-sufficient in this field; they have the resources to devise ways of popularizing themselves. It is with another class of journalism, the smaller newspaper, that we should be most concerned. Many of these publications are in seri-



se will make readers appreciate what their paper gives them.

How to Blow Your Horn?

JOE W. LA BINE

nt Promotion Manager,
rn Newspaper Union

less ballyhoo, publicity and promotion, is your al and prospective readers? Is it really selling y apparent the wealth of material it offers each practical pointers on promotion for every news- or, Joe La Bine, is a graduate of the University of rnalism. He learned the problems of the weekly Review, one of Minnesota's largest and best to D. F. Biggs, head of Western Newspaper and promotion departments.

ous danger of slipping under the cur- rent unless they make really strenuous efforts to maintain their prestige and popularity.

TAKE the weekly for instance. Its news field has been invaded by near-by dailies. Modern transportation and communication methods have brought people of smaller communities closer together; they get news from each other . . . they don't have to wait until Thursday or Friday when the paper comes out.

A discouraging picture, to be sure.

THE QUILL for February, 1937

The weekly editor continues to place major emphasis on news because it seems only logical that a newspaper should print news. And he's right—tradition and duty demand it. Yet, when he sits down at the typewriter to grind out a yarn on last Sunday's baseball game, he knows deep in his heart that few besides the participants themselves will read it. The game is history by press day . . . and those who were interested made sure they attended.

But the weekly man has one good alternative. He should remember that people will always read . . . that they buy books and magazines and big Sunday papers for the non-news material those pages contain. He should realize that by utilizing this same feature material he can meet competition. And he should also realize that the field of local features will always offer a source of reader interest . . . one that is uncovered only by hard work, but one which nets immense returns!

BUT what does this have to do with promotion?

Simply that news is becoming plain and colorless, while the feature is a versatile creature that can be dressed up like a Christmas tree and actually SOLD to the public!

You can't sell news very effectively

because there's nothing distinctive about it. Today it is here . . . tomorrow it's gone. But the feature offers an endless field for promotion that is always valuable, always offering up some new angle for exploitation.

Here, very positively, is the weekly editor's salvation. Armed with features and the will to promote he can successfully combat the destructive elements now buffeting his gates. Promotion may mean work, but it is the type of work that brings the modern newspaper into its proper place as a medium for entertainment and information, just like the widely read magazine or the highly publicized motion picture.

AND all of these things, it would seem, boil down to the need for more showmanship in the average newspaper's existence. Why, we may safely ask, should not the Fourth Estate take a tip from motion picture companies which utilize every possible exploitation scheme to arouse public interest in their productions? All editors have seen movie press sheets . . . they know how these extravagant booklets suggest grandiose schemes whereby the public may be brought into line. The interesting result is that they actually do bring the public into line, and largely through newspaper advertising and publicity . . . the very method now prescribed for newspapers themselves!

How to go about it?

First determine a balance between the news and feature content of your paper, making sure that it is a well-



THE TIPTON TIMES

Point out the number and variety of your comics in promotional ads that will attract reader-attention.

May we give you six dollars?



NOT in cash, of course. We're speaking of its equivalent. But here is something for you to consider:

Every year this newspaper brings you at least three outstanding novels in serial form. Purchased as books each would cost not less than \$2, making a total expenditure of at least \$6 per year.

Like yourself, we could find plenty of uses for that \$6. Some member of the family is always in need of a new pair of shoes or some other necessity. But at the same time your requirements for good reading material must be met. By accepting these three novels each year we feel you are trusting yourself to real enjoyment, at the same time giving your purse a substantial boost.

These novels are a source of constant pride to us. Every year we select them from the season's most outstanding best sellers, offered in serial form by a large newspaper syndicate organization. We'd like to feel that you—as a subscriber—always look forward to reading the coming installment in the next issue. It gives us a great satisfaction to know that here is another reason why our paper is popular in the home.

You are invited to begin reading our novels now. These regular brief visits to fictionland will prove a delightful interlude from your work-a-day activities. And it will make us happy to know that you are getting enjoyment from them.



THE TIPTON TIMES

Your readers will never know the value of the many features you bring them unless you tell them yourself.

rounded publication. The public simply doesn't want poor goods.

Then plan your promotion with a level head and an eye to common sense business methods. No matter how small your paper, there's always room in every issue for at least one display ad. Place aside a definite amount of space for that specific purpose. Front page "readers" are good . . . short, spicy items that serve both as fillers and advertising. Your display ads need not be masterpieces. Just watch the big dailies for awhile and you'll catch the drift of promotional advertising.

Get out and sponsor public events, even though they do require a little work. An athletic contest, home talent play, charity dance, community booster day . . . none of these things are impossible. A small amount of ingenuity will make them self-liquidating and your paper will profit not only by the publicity but by increased advertising.

DON'T overplay promotional ads that plug the old bromide about patronizing merchants just because they advertise in your paper. It's a worthy cause,

perhaps, but it's an appeal to sympathy—not to reason. You can serve the advertiser better in the long run by arousing interest in your paper, thereby stabilizing the circulation list.

If you purchase your non-local features from a syndicate, you're almost bound to get some assistance along promotional lines. The average syndicate supplies promotion ideas for its features in copy form, leaving it to the individual papers to place these ads in type. It is seldom that any other effort is made and that is where promotion so often fails.

Obviously it should be the duty of feature syndicates to take the promotional brainchild under their wings—to foster it, to educate editors regarding the use of this weapon.

Such carryings on are—of course—good business for the syndicates. Reader interest does not raise its welcome head spontaneously . . . it must be built up by intensive effort. Once that interest is created in a feature the publisher will not be quick to cease using it. Hence the syndicate profits from a steady customer.

But—and mark this well—despite any selfish interest on the part of the syndicate, promotion remains a valuable friend for the publisher, too. If it helps one, it obviously helps the other.

WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION has probably been the leading pioneer in the field of feature syndicate promotion. This organization has developed a unique plan which is directed by D. F. Biggs, head of the WNU sales and promotion department, and which is unquestionably the most complete service offered today by any syndicate.

WNU realized, first, that the average country editor is probably a busy man. To write and set all the promotion ads he *should* be running would encroach seriously upon his time. So WNU decided to furnish more than the mere copy; it evolved a plan whereby publishers using any WNU feature regularly in plate, mat or printed syndicate service medias will receive attractive display ads in mat or stereotype form . . . plus a host of other services.

Take a printed syndicate service customer for example—Publisher Smith of the *Smithtown News* who buys four pages of his publication already printed with feature material. The service editor at his branch WNU office keeps a record of all features used in Mr. Smith's paper. From that record he prepares a regular promotional advertising schedule designed



Joe La Bine

Here you are face-to-face with the writer of this helpful article on promotion.

to plug these features. A copy of this schedule is sent to Mr. Smith with a letter requesting that he treat it like the schedule of any regular foreign advertiser . . . and stating that he will receive promotional display stereotypes for publication on the dates listed. From time to time, as shown on the schedule sheet, WNU's service editor will forward promotional material to this printed service customer.

All display ads will be in stereotype form, but in addition there will be copy for short readers and portrait cuts of authors. Editor Smith will receive other assistance. If he runs a serial, special stereotypes will be provided free with every new story. A supply of color window cards is also sent him for new serials, his only job being to imprint the name of his paper and place the cards in strategic windows throughout the community.

OCCASIONALLY he will receive ads of a general character. One, for example, may call attention to the serial story as a regular feature, pointing out that the *Smithtown News* offers readers the equivalent of three book-length novels a year for the mere cost of their subscription. Another ad may call attention collectively to features offered by the *News*, driving home the message that Editor Smith is conscious of today's trend to entertainment and information as important factors in newspaper editing.

Much of the above material, of course, is designed especially for printed service customers. But in addition, any publisher purchasing a WNU plate or mat feature regularly

[Concluded on page 17]

By J. GUNNAR BACK

RECENTLY I spent some time among protons, electrons, and on assortment of ions in order to find out just why it is that Jack Benny's voice can come into my apartment every Sunday night. For my investigation I selected a book that costs ten cents a week when taken out of what is ordinarily a free library.



J. Gunnar Back

Now Andrew Carnegie had put this library up. He had played the game of supply-and-demand, as you know, to the full hilt. Here was supply-and-demand,

operating in quiet chambers where the raucous voice of the market place will not be tolerated.

The book over which I have been raising so much of a fuss has a simple title, *Radio*. I found the author speaking of the electron as "that mischievous fellow" who is regularly up to a lot of tricks in and out of the atom. That is something you have to know if you're to begin to understand why your radio set obeys the command of the dial.

Radio is a book popular enough to earn a dime weekly for the library (you can borrow Shakespeare, complete, and keep it two weeks for nothing) because it is a simplification of science for the juvenile mind of 12 to 16 plus, the plus referring to the mature lay mind.

As I read I realized I had come upon a field for free-lancers not hitherto taken up in these little fumbling essays of mine—explanatory articles and books. I am able to explore the field a bit this month thanks to my friend J. Harris Gable, author of *Boys' Book of Explorations* and co-author of *Boys' Book of Astronomy*, both published by Dutton.

First, the markets. Magazines like *Boys' Life*, *American Boy*, and *Open Road* rarely buy articles delineating purely scientific matters. There may be exceptions, of course,

Obviously boys of 12 to 16 plus are soon going to want to find out what television is. If somebody hasn't already sold the story, a market may be waiting in the magazines listed.

The average boy who is curious enough to read much already knows how an airplane runs, says Mr. Gable. He knows more or less how radios operate. (That's going to make me a bit more respectful of the lad next door with that sling-shot.) But there are a number of phases of radio and aviation that will interest young and lay readers. The market for articles on these phases is found in popular science publications, like *Popular Mechanics*, *Modern Mechanix*, and *Popular Science*.

For example, new developments in bombing planes. The popular science magazines usually prefer short articles on minute matters, or smaller phases of scientific phenomena already accepted and generally understood, except in their smaller ramifications.

From this point on, let Mr. Gable talk. "I would say that at present more than half of the sciences are fairly well explained for juveniles, though numerous subjects are still to be done. The general 'how it works' article must be applied to something quite new, something not yet exploited.

"The proper style for readers of the ages 12-16 plus is the proper style for adults. I break the rules of juvenile writing in the fact that I do not acknowledge a set vocabulary for any special age. I explain the word I feel by reader is unfamiliar with. Adults may read boys' books to gain knowledge, but the young readers must be entertained. Fascination is achieved, I think, by the use of the simile, simple comparisons with simple things, anecdote, story, legend, or fable. No figures should be too long drawn out. I always give pronunciations for technical terms the first time I use them. If the word doesn't appear again for a long time, I make a cross-reference to it. Frequent references to other parts of the text are necessary to save repetition of explanation.

"Boys soon detect whether or not you're rewriting the encyclopedia. Material must be well-illustrated with charts and pictures.

"Submit books to any good publisher carrying a line of juveniles, especially those carrying similar titles or series. Book length, to sell for \$2 a copy or less, should not be over 80,000 words, for which there should be about

100 illustrations. To cut cost of printing, use pen-and-ink sketches for line plate reproduction. Sale of such books may not be large, but it may net good returns estimated on the time the author gave to it. The secret lies in writing many books."

So it does.

A new weekly editorial department for homemakers combining news and hard-to-get facts about house maintenance, modernization and construction has been inaugurated by Elizabeth Gordon and Dorothy Ducas in the Real Estate Section of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Co-authors of the forthcoming book, "More House for Your Money," the conductors of this "Clinic for Houses" are recognized experts in their field and have collaborated for several years on housing articles for magazines and newspapers. Together in the *Herald Tribune* they will cover everything that goes into making a home more liveable, the materials, equipment, methods, plans and ideas.

Damon Runyon, who has been called "America's greatest reporter," has started a series of daily newspaper columns under the heading, "As I See It." The articles, the first of which was issued Jan. 4, are being released through Universal Service. While conducting the daily column, Runyon will continue nevertheless to "cover" big national spot news events and sporting events.

National Newspaper Service, Inc., has opened offices in New York City and will service the trade with weekly feature articles, including fields not before covered, it was announced by Martin B. Iger, president of the company. Miss Cordelia B. Makarius, editor of *Eve*, will direct the women's department, producing biographical sketches, interviews, fashions, and similar material of women's interest. N. H. Mager will be in charge of other departments.

32-lb. Kraft envelopes, for mailing scripts flat, 25 outgoing and 25 return, \$1.40. For one fold of script, \$0.95. For two folds of script, 50 of each, \$1.00.

Also Mss. Paper; Items for Writers.

4415 Center Ave. — Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEWSPAPER MEN AND STUDENTS OF JOURNALISM

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Editors Shouldn't Be Hermits

[Concluded from page 3]

week. He stays there, with an hour and a half out for lunch, until 4:30 in the afternoon, and then he goes home. Saturdays and Sundays he spends on his farm, as far away from the rest of the world as he can get.

He was and still is a good newspaperman, with constructive ideas and a consistent record of treating his employees fairly. He had the courage, once, to run a dishonest city official not only out of office, but clear out of town, and he has shown his mettle in more than one encounter with important persons who wanted facts suppressed or stories killed. But he's been sitting in that cubby-hole day after day for so long that he's gotten into one of those nice smooth grooves, and the chances are he'll never get out. A few of his friends, all big men around the town, a few cranks and a few syndicate salesmen provide him his only contacts with life on the outside. He does go to Rotary Club meeting once a week, but the Rotarians represent less than one hundredth of one per cent of his newspaper's circulation.

This particular editor is still responsive to public opinion, as he knows it, but he has shut himself off, unwittingly, from contact with most of the individuals in whose words and actions he might discover some accurate clue to the trend of that opinion. He has forgotten the technique so useful to him as a reporter, for boring through the deceptive surface gravel and getting down to bedrock.

I'm not saying all editors should be classed as mahogany-bound hermits, for many of them, happily, are not. But judging from the newspapers I see daily, a good share of them are. And in the medium-sized towns they add to their own ineffectiveness by aping the style and thought of the big-city journals, thus providing their readers with a poor imitation of something that should have been improved on in the first place.

MUCH has been said of the national election and its apparent indication of an alarming decrease in the once-vaunted power of the press. The whole affair was minimized by spokesmen for the publishers, who pointed out that other candidates have won popular favor with little support from the newspapers. Be all this as it may, the fact remains that voters were influenced more by the radio voice of a political candidate than they were by

the editorials and news articles presented to them in a majority of the supposedly influential papers of the country; and when any political candidate, no matter how honest or noble, acquires credibility in the public mind superior to that accorded the newspapers, the situation is becoming serious.

But to get back again to that editor sitting at his desk, I think the whole root of the difficulty lies right there. The editor should not be sitting at his desk. Not all the time. Or if he does all the time, he should make it a point to see that his reporters bring him all the gossip, all the street-talk, even all the dirty stories that they may hear. He should be so wide-awake and alert that he will recognize, before anyone else, those trends that will help his community, or harm it. He should not only be willing, as Greeley put it, to "labor for the advancement of the interests of the people, and to promote their moral, social and political well-being," but he should have the intelligence, insight and courage to recognize what actually are "the interests of the people."

Editors, as a class, are fairly prosperous individuals. They live in nice homes, ride in nice automobiles, belong to the better clubs and enjoy the esteem of potent associates in other fields of endeavor. The harder their own struggle to the top has been, it seems, the easier it is for them to forget there are still a lot of people down around the foot of the ladder. And that is dangerous, because those jostlers at the bottom can sometimes pull the whole ladder down.

My personal advice to editors, big and small, would be: No matter how important you may consider yourself, take a little time now and then to wander through the back streets of your city, to mingle with the crowd in the public square and to talk with the common man. Find out what he reads, what he thinks about, what he likes to do, where he likes to go and how he lives. Then go back to your office and sit down, if you want to, but devote some honest thought to the things you can do to inform him, to entertain him, to straighten out his mental processes and to make his life a little brighter and a little more livable.

CHARLES H. BERNHARD (Wisconsin '35) is now a member of the editorial staff of the Iron River (Mich.) Reporter.

THE QUILL for February, 1937

COPIES of the volume, "The Power of Print—and Men," by Thomas Dreier, has been distributed to friends by the Mergenthaler Company in topping off the 50th anniversary celebration of the invention of the commercially successful Linotype. . . . ALEXANDER GORDEN, who worked side by side with Mr. Mergenthaler on the invention of the commercial linotype, retired recently after nearly 44 years of service on the *Washington Star* as chief machinist. . . . After nearly 50 years of service, HARVEY L. BEAR, first stereotyper of the *San Antonio Express*, has voluntarily retired. . . . The Gutenberg Bible, according to DOUGLAS C. MacMURTRIE, was not the first printed book, having been preceded from the press by 15 or 20 publications which have been preserved to the present time. . . . The widow of the journalist, ARTHUR BRISBANE, Mrs. Phoebe Carey Brisbane and her two oldest children have applied for joint guardianship of the three Brisbane children of minor age. . . . Statistics of the Newsprint Association of Canada showed a gain of \$20,000,000 in gross revenue of Canadian newsprint industry in 1936. . . . Appointment of ARTHUR V. BURROWES as managing editor of the *News-Press*, was announced by H. A. SPRAGUE, publisher of the *St. Joseph (Mo.) News-Press and Gazette*. . . . The 1937 *World Almanac*, published by the *New York World-Telegram*, made its annual appearance in January. . . . The advertising staff of the *New York Sun*, having brought in a gain of more than a million lines of advertising during 1936, was feted at a luncheon and received the congratulations of WILLIAM T. DEWART, president, and EDWIN S. FRIENDLY, business manager of the *Sun*. . . . MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, having always been in sympathy with the aims and ideals of the Guild and because of her status as a columnist, applied for membership as member-at-large of the New York branch of the Newspaper Guild. She was recently made a member. . . . According to reports on salaries paid by corporations, WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST'S salary of \$500,000 is tops for the 1935 income figures. . . . CHARLES F. McCABILL, vice-president and business manager of the *Cleveland News*, was recently named vice-president and general manager, a newly created position. . . . NORMAN S. ROSE, advertising manager of the *Christian Science Monitor* is on a four weeks' trip to visit the *Monitor's* branch offices and advertising repre-

Had You Heard—

By DONALD D. HOOVER

sentatives. . . . HAROLD LIVINGSTON CROSS, secretary and general counsel of the *New York Herald Tribune* and member of the law firm of Sackett, Chapman, Brown & Cross, has resigned from the latter company in order to devote his entire time to a professor's chair at the School of Journalism, Columbia University, New York. . . . SENATOR CARTER GLASS of Virginia and publisher of the *Lynchburg News and Advance*, passed his seventy-ninth birthday without particular observance and began his fourth term as Senator by attending the caucus of Senate Democrats. . . . HON. FRANK CARREL, president of the *Chronicle-Telegraph*, Quebec, and Mrs. Carrel, are on a West Indies cruise aboard the liner "Lady Hawkins." . . . LOUIS SPILMAN, publisher, and Mrs. Emily Spilman, business manager, of the *Waynesboro (Va.) News Virginian*, are announcing the birth of a son, Jan. 2. . . . VERNON KNOWLES, managing editor of the *Toronto Star*, who is taking over the position of public relations advisor to the Canadian Bank-

ers Association, was honored recently when all operations of the newspaper ceased while the employees bid him goodbye. . . . CHARLES BOSKEN of the financial department of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* resigned to accept the editorship of the house organ of the Schenley Distilling Company. . . . C. L. GOULD, Chicago *Evening American* advertising promotion manager, is recovering from injuries received in a recent automobile accident in Chicago. . . . After 14 years of association with the Superior (Wis.) *Evening Telegram*, CARL N. LOVDAL has been appointed advertising manager of the Hibbing (Minn.) *Tribune*. . . . Wedding bells for DELIUS ENGERT, photographer, Apex Newsphotos, and MISS RHEA MEYERHARDT, picture editor, Apex Newsphotos, at Fort Worth, Texas. . . . More wedding bells—JOHN H. DURSTON, reporter, *New York Sun* and CATHERINE P. HUGHES, assistant women's editor, *Syracuse Herald*, at Syracuse. . . . And ART DECK, city editor, *Salt Lake Telegram* to MISS WINIFRED WILLEY, formerly society editor of the *Salt Lake City Deseret News* and more recently with the *Washington (D. C.) Post*, in Salt Lake City. . . . The Joliet (Ill.) *Free Press* suspended publication after approximately only two months of operation.

Learn to Blow Your Horn

[Concluded from page 14]

is entitled to receive free promotional ads. Publishers buying a serial in plates or mats will also receive these announcements, while they may also purchase window cards at a very nominal cost.

Occasionally, special features of short duration are given additional life blood with suggestions for contests and other exploitation methods which will arouse interest if carried out properly.

HERE should be the embarking place for tomorrow's syndicate promotional work. The day should come when every new feature will be sold complete with a "press sheet," just as our modern movies come today.

Imagine it if you will:

An extravaganza of promotion in which the syndicate offers—and the publisher gladly accepts—highly colored window cards, posters, billboard displays and window decorations; mats or stereos of the author in various work-a-day and rest-a-day poses,

stereos of display advertisements and copy for a hundred different "readers" about the new series; a portfolio of suggestions on exploitation methods, contests, puzzles, games, publicity stunts, merchant hook-ups and what not!

Extravagant! Yes, but many editors have been robbed of everything but the type in the shop by good press agents. Why isn't it time for publishers to use a bit of this high-g geared salesmanship to butter their own bread?

The day of our ultra-salesmanship dream may be far away. But in the meantime there are encouraging shifts in the wind. Syndicates are taking the lead in promotion work and editors are slowly becoming cognizant of its effectiveness. Smaller papers are quite well fixed to blow their own horns.

The ammunition is ready—will you use it?

• THE BOOK BEAT •

Germany Looks

AMERIKANISCHE JUGEND SCHREIBT ZEITUNGEN, Mittel der Erziehung zum Gemeinschaftsgeist in den Vereinigten Staaten, by Dr. Ernst Roselius. 152 pp. and 37 illustrations. Leipzig. 1936. Volume 3, Wesen und Wirkungen der Publizistik. RM. 6.

One item of current political practice in Germany is to instill a feeling of reciprocal interest and common destiny, particularly to German boys and girls, young men and young women. This book, *American Youth Write Newspapers*, analyzes another American method for the Nazis to use, to achieve their end in the German situation.

Even the sub-title of this study of American school and college newspapers indicates how much Dr. Roselius thinks student papers have, deliberately or unintentionally, contributed to the development of democratic ideals and action on democratic principles in the United States. He emphasizes voluntary participation of students, group work in a common enterprise, the cherished ideal of freedom of the press and the trend toward freedom from administrative censorship—lessons American student journalists would be proud to teach the world.

In German fashion, Dr. Roselius has gone after the ideology of American democracy as evidenced by thousands of well-edited, expensive school papers. The first chapter, "Government by Public Opinion," is an introduction to American democracy and journalism. Chapter two, a discussion of the modern American secondary school system, develops into an outline of instruction in high school journalism. A parallel presentation of education on college and university level, with emphasis on development of journalism instruction, follows in chapter three. The final chapter concerns itself with college and university papers and ends in a brief but sympathetic evaluation of their import to the social community.

This volume will be healthy reading for those older Germans who direct the organizations which publish German youth papers, as well as for German editors and journalism students.

Dr. Roselius gathered his thoroughly documented material from chief student newspapers of the United States and from such officials as Prof. Fred L. Kildow, director of the Asso-

ciated Collegiate Press and the National Scholastic Press Association; Prof. Carl W. Ackermann, School of Journalism, Columbia University; Prof. L. N. Flint, University of Kansas, and others.

Analyzing American student newspapers, Dr. Roselius finds them potent agencies for inculcating school spirit by informing the student body of what students are doing. Consequently, each student takes part in all student affairs through the paper. Analogous German papers attempt the same end by an abstract essay which fills the front page of the publication, Dr. Roselius comments. News of the campus does appear, however, in German university papers, although neither so prominently nor in such profusion as in American student papers.—V. ROYCE WEST, University of Oklahoma.

Mencken on Language

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, by H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. \$5.00.

To the general reading public, H. L. Mencken is best known, perhaps, as the vitriolic ex-editor of the *American Mercury* and as the author of a long list of caustic essays which have been brought together in six volumes under the general title of "Prejudices." In addition to his widely read and discussed works in the realm of criticism and dissent, the Baltimore journalist is known among scholars, especially philologists, as an outstanding authority on the American language.

His "The American Language" which has recently appeared in a fourth edition, corrected, enlarged, and rewritten, has been widely proclaimed for its scholarly, scientific presentation of the history of American-English. Such men as Robert Bridges, the late poet laureate of England; C. H. Grandgent, former head of the department of Romance Languages at Harvard; and Dr. Louise Pound, former editor of *American Speech*, have spoken very highly of early editions of this work, using such terms as "a splendid piece of scholarship," "an independent and original treatment," and "an extremely competent and exhaustive treatise."

The first edition of this work, containing some 374 pages, first appeared in March, 1919, and was soon sold out. A second edition, containing new matter, came out in December, 1921. The book had grown to 492 pages with this

printing. Further research and contributions necessitated another edition in February, 1933. Enlarged though this was, it did not wholly please its author and its further expansion into this new fourth edition followed.

In explanation of the scope and general theses of his book, Mr. Mencken, in an introductory statement, writes:

"When I became interested in the subject and began writing about it (in the *Baltimore Evening Sun* in 1910), the American form of the English language was plainly departing from the parent stem, and it seemed at least likely that the differences between American and English would go on increasing. That was what I argued in my first three editions. But since 1923 the pull of American has become so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it, and in consequence some of the differences once visible have tended to disappear.

"The two forms of the language, of course, are still distinct in more ways than one, and when an Englishman and an American meet they continue to be conscious that each speaks a tongue that is far from identical with the tongue spoken by the other. But the Englishman, of late, has yielded so much to American example, in vocabulary, in idiom, in spelling, and even in pronunciation, that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American, just as the language spoken by the American was once a dialect of English.

"The English writers who note this change lay it to the influence of the American movies and talkies, but it seems to me that there is also something more, and something deeper. The American people now constitute by far the largest fraction of the English-speaking race, and since the World War they have shown an increasing inclination to throw off their old subservience to English precept and example. If only by the force of numbers, they are bound to exert a dominant influence upon the course of the common language hereafter. But all I discuss at length, supported by the evidence now available."—JOHN E. DREWRY, director, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, the University of Georgia.

Van Doren's Story

THREE WORLDS, by Carl Van Doren. New York: Harper and Brothers. 317 pp. \$3.00.

Carl Van Doren, critic, teacher, editor, and writer, has herein penned his autobiography. This is more, however, than a mere autobiography. It is, in the language of its publishers, "an intellectual and moral history of 50

years, studied in three stages: Pre-War, Post-War, and Depression."

This book, it hardly needs to be said, is of the more important non-fiction titles on the fall lists. Because of his position in the world of contemporary letters, almost anything Dr. Van Doren might care to write would command attention. His autobiography, candidly and attractively written, and filled with references to the leading literati of modern times and the changing civilization of which they have been a part, is an item of especial interest and significance.

Carl Van Doren has made his impress upon American thought in devious ways. As a member of the faculty of Columbia University, he is said to have taught more teachers of American literature than perhaps any other man who has ever instructed. He was literary editor of the *Century Magazine* in the heyday of that publication under Dr. Glenn Frank, ex-president of the University of Wisconsin. He has been literary editor of the *Nation*, and was one of the organizers and for eight years editor-in-chief of the Literary Guild. He has lectured in most of the states of the union, and has written or edited a long list of important books, some of which are "Thomas Love Peacock," "James Branch Cabell," "Swift," "Sinclair Lewis," "The American and British Literature Since 1890," "Contemporary American Novelists," "The American Novel,"

"The Cambridge History of American Literature," "Modern American Press," and "An Anthology of World Prose."

Dr. Van Doren's autobiography would be rich in substance and delectable in style if he confined himself to his own career and to his own observations and thoughts with reference to the world of which he has been a part. He has not been content, however, to do that. As he comments on the passing literary scene, he has introduced into his narrative three items which in themselves would give the book a *raison d'être*, and which will, undoubtedly, make its first edition a collector's item.

One of these is a long letter from Sinclair Lewis, written in 1921, hitherto unpublished, which relates with feeling and in detail Lewis's early plans and ambitions, and his career before the publication of "Main Street." Another is a series of extracts from letters by Edwin Arlington Robinson, almost none of whose epistles have reached print. These extracts are supplemented by Dr. Van Doren's sketches of Robinson, the man and the poet, as he knew him. The third is a brilliant collection of letters by Elinor Wylie, either never published or never published in full. There are also, as in the case of Robinson, the author's sketches of this part as he knew her. —JOHN E. DREWRY, director, Henry W. Grady School of Journalism, the University of Georgia.

sides immense quantities of cotton, wood pulp, etc. Dr. Mees gives a fascinating account of the development of photography and its present-day uses, tells much of the technique of motion picture production at Hollywood, including the use of miniature sets and the making of animated cartoons, and devotes considerable attention to amateur photography.

DAVID NICHOL (Michigan '32) is on the rewrite desk of the *Chicago Daily News*, in addition to doing special assignments for that paper. Nichol formerly was a member of the editorial staff of the *Iron River (Mich.) Reporter*.

No. 1 Busybody

When he has nothing else to do, Elmo Scott Watson sometimes sleeps. Foremost in feverish activity among Western Newspaper Union's staff writers, this versatile journalist also (1) edits the popular Publishers' Auxiliary, (2) teaches at Northwestern university's famed Medill journalism school, (3) is national secretary of Sigma Delta Chi, professional news-hawks' fraternity, (4)



ELMO SCOTT WATSON

... he sometimes sleeps.

addresses journalism gatherings hither and yon, (5) takes an active hand in many Chicago newspaper affairs.

Uncannily prolific, Journalist Watson each week turns out a historical feature for WNU-serviced papers that would find welcome reception on many a magazine editor's desk. Periodically he prepares special historical series like the recently syndicated "Tremendous Trifles" and "Uncommon Americans."

WNU has helped make Elmo Scott Watson a household name throughout America, but WNU is not quick to forget that few syndicates can boast such a far-famed writer.

• BOOKS AND AUTHORS •

Little, Brown & Company's Centenary Prize of \$5,000 has been awarded to Odell Shepard, Goodwin Professor of English at Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., for his manuscript "Pedlar's Progress: The Life of Bronson Alcott," which will be published in the spring of 1937 when Little, Brown & Company celebrate the completion of one hundred years of book publishing under the name of their founders. Chosen as the most interesting unpublished American work (not fiction), resting squarely on the foundation of fact, from 387 manuscripts submitted in the contest, Prof. Shepard's biography represents the author's many years of intense interest in Concord and the group of famous 19th century writers and thinkers who lived there. Prof. Shepard edited "The Heart of Thoreau's Journals" and "Thoreau's Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers." He is a close student of Emerson and of Transcendentalism, and is deeply imbued with the background

of his subject, whose house in Concord is still a shrine for pilgrims to that center of 19th-century American culture.

GEORGE SLOCOMBE, who has won fame as a British newspaper correspondent in Europe and who is now on an American lecture tour, is the author of "The Dangerous Sea," an authentic and vivid account of the Mediterranean region and the problems and perils of the countries that border on that sea or have a vital interest in its future, recently published by Macmillans.

Dr. C. E. Kenneth Mees, Director of Research and Development in the Eastman Kodak Company, says in "Photography," published Feb. 2 by The Macmillan Co., that amateurs need about 1,500 tons of film annually for their snapshots and 7,000 tons of paper to print them on; 500 tons of pure silver go into the manufacture of photographic materials every year, be-

Now That You've Asked Me—

[Concluded from page 11]

sons would find other personalities I have met more interesting than Reeves—for instance, Mrs. McPherson, the former Barbara Hutton, a number of film stars, famous lawyers or notorious criminals. But a man with a mind like Reeves fascinates me.

I think the requisites of a great newspaperman are—enthusiasm, alertness, a lively imagination, ingenuity, honor, intelligence, good judgment and a spark of that mysterious something called genius, or the ability to write. Of course, that's a silly answer, because it's just a total of all the virtues I can think of at the moment. It's just a bromide, but it's the best I can do right now.

On a good story I write as much as 50,000 words a month. If there's nothing much breaking, my literary (?) output falls almost to the vanishing point. I work with my hat off. Also, with my coat, vest and tie off, if possible. I do not use shorthand, except a sort of illegitimate system of abbreviation such as most reporters use. I learned to typewrite in a typewriting class in high school. I use all of my fingers and thumbs—the so-called touch system.

I use most of my spare time trying to keep my home and yard looking presentable, so my wife won't raise

hell with me. Also do a little fishing, play a little golf, very poorly, and try to do some magazine articles I should have done a couple of years ago.

MY hobby is trying to find, or invent, new artificial bait for deep sea fishing—like shiners, gang lines, sails, feathered hooks, etc. But I don't ride this hobby very hard.

My favorite food is Chinese such as can be found in a couple of spots in San Francisco's Chinatown—delicate herbs, roots, etc. It's not true that the Chinese cook beetles and rats. My favorite books are adventure yarns—fast-moving and thrilling, although I like them well written. (Confidentially, my real favorite is a bank book. I haven't been doing much reading since the depression.)

My favorite entertainment is a game of golf or bridge with someone I can beat. I don't have much fun.

My advice to aspiring newspapermen is to learn all they can about the business and do each day's work as well as possible. That's a swell bromide, too.

I don't intend to retire, even if I could ever get enough money to retire on. I intend to work until I drop dead, or get kicked out. Why? I dunno.

Why Not Train Your Correspondents?

[Concluded from page 8]

and community club news reports in a manner which will make some future editor think a Mallon or Knickerbocker sneaked into the community. I also proved for myself what I've believed ever since I left school—that the technique of news writing should be a brief course, available for letters and science students who desire to go into newspaper work or do any type of news writing, but that journalism has no right to be a complete "school" or "course" as it is in so many of our universities and colleges.

Talk to your friends on the desk or in the press clubs, those younger fellows who have graduated from "schools of journalism." Invariably they'll respond the same: "Well, if my son wants to go into newspaper work I'm going to tell him to load up with the social sciences, with political science, history, foreign language. Then if he wants to be a reporter he can learn how to write a news story

in actual practice, when he gets out of school and gets a job."

I can't agree that all this technical training should be left to overworked and harrassed city editors, yet I fail to see any definite utility in more than a couple of journalism courses in the average college or university curriculum. Let the youngsters get the background of knowledge they'll get nowhere but in the classrooms—they'll have plenty of time to perfect their writing technique later on.

WHILE we've tried no further experiments in actually conducting a class for the training of correspondents, we do try to help them improve their copy.

We furnish them style sheets (similar to those used by Madison newspapers, and prepared by the University of Wisconsin school of journalism).

Also, I plan auto jaunts through three counties, making contact with

two or three correspondents a day. I plan on getting out a day every couple weeks, taking a camera, mailing list and recent copies of the paper. I plan to talk with correspondents informally, telling them what we want, why we feel that "Mr. Jones called on Mrs. Smith Tuesday" is not news when the Jones-Smith visits have occurred weekly for forty years and the rural phone lines have already recorded not only that Mrs. Jones called on her neighbor but also what they talked about. We try to stress, instead, the group activities which not only interest all the community but newspaper readers who belong to similar groups in another community.

If Wild Rose Grange has a debate on socialized medicine it not only is news to Wild Rose, but Granges at Royalton, St. Lawrence and perhaps a community club at Scandinavia will consider similar debates.

Correspondents are good circulation workers, and I make a point of mentioning names and dates on delinquents in the community with the suggestion that the correspondent can make a satisfactory commission cleaning up such accounts.

MOST important of all is the personal contact. To visit a correspondent in his or her home, get their slant and hear their problems, is worth more than a hundred letters. It is also interesting for the rural newspaperman to learn about the little communities to which he caters, the little community problems, what these people think about, what they talk about.

At one small town I learned that three warehouses would not accept farmers' potatoes (our important cash crop) for storage, forcing the farmers to sell their tubers at prevailing low prices. That started a co-op warehouse in that village.

Nothing doing at Scandinavia this winter, said the correspondent, because all the men folks are cutting ties. Picture of that little logging camp, piles of logs and sawed ties made a nice layout. A picture from a nearby rural community excites more interest than a picture from right here in the city; the rural folks are less sophisticated, pictures mean more to them.

None of my news writing class is corresponding for me. They all learned so much they've gone on to college, largest college enrollment out of an Iola graduating class in history. Seriously, the fact is this: We've sponsored a university extension course here in Wau-paca and to make up our quota took youngsters from nearby towns; I was able to enthuse a group of my neophyte journalists to take this near-at-home, economical way of going on to college.

WHO · WHAT · WHERE

ROBERT C. LA BLONDE (Marquette '31) and MISS VIRGINIA B. KAYE (Iowa '30), were married last August in Chicago. They are now in Detroit where La Blonde is a member of the *United Press* staff.

★

CECIL CARNES (Ohio State '32) is the author of "John Lewis: Leader of Labor," published by the Robert Speller Publishing Corp., 545 Fifth Ave., New York City. Carnes, now doing rewrite on the New York *World Telegram*, also has written a non-fiction adventure book entitled "Jungle Drums," scheduled for publication in February.

★

W. E. (BUD) SEIFERT (Kansas '22) is sports editor of the *Spartanburg* (S. C.) *Herald*.

★

J. C. WATKINS (Texas '30) formerly with the *Port Arthur News* and the *Beaumont Journal* has been named publicity director of the Port Arthur (Texas) Chamber of Commerce.

★

WESLEY E. CARTER (Kentucky '34) now editor and publisher of the *Hardin County Enterprise*, at Elizabethtown, Ky., received the silver trophy for the best news story in the Kentucky Press Association contest last year.

★

ROBERT S. MATTEWS, JR. (Florida '35) formerly reporter for the *Deland Sun-News* and the *Daytona Sun-Record*, is now city editor of the *Goldsboro* (N. C.) *Daily News-Argus*.

★

Articles written by GEORGE FORT MILTON, editor of the *Chattanooga News*, for his paper, have been reprinted in an eight-page tabloid section. Mr. Milton went to Europe in the summer of 1936 to study social, economic and political problems, particularly in the Scandinavian countries, Sweden, Denmark and Norway, also in Germany and Russia.

I'm Disgusted

[Concluded from page 5]

investigated, but they have gone out and will probably be back pretty soon. Thirty minutes later, more or less, some fellow comes into the office and asks, "What's this I hear about old Cal Horner? Is he beat up pretty bad? I'll bet they didn't find out where he's got that wat salted."

SO you see, Mr. Krawcheck and Mr. Leighty, while you are waiting for that information from your lowly correspondent what an ordeal he's going through.

This could have been a longer article, but, after all, *THE QUILL* isn't paying me a space rate.

THE QUILL for February, 1937

At its final meeting of the year, Dec. 15, members of the North California Alumni Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi elected the following officers and directors to serve during 1937: President, MILLER HOLLAND, San Francisco manager of the *United Press*; Vice Presidents, H. C. HENDEE, editor Pacific Coast Edition of the *Wall Street Journal*, and ROBERT ELLIOTT, of the *San Francisco News*; Treasurer, JACK HODGES, of *Western Trade Journals*.

All officers will serve as directors. Other directors chosen are: RALPH HEPPE, western division manager of *Associated Press*; PAUL SMITH, executive editor, *San Francisco Chronicle*; DALLAS WOOD, editor *Palo Alto Times*; ROBERT BOTTORFF, news editor, Pacific Coast Edition of the *Wall Street Journal*; CLIFFORD WEIGLE, journalism department, Stanford University; ROY CUMMINGS, assistant sports editor, *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*.

Speakers at the meeting were CARL MILLER, retiring national president, who discussed developments at the recent national convention, and BRIAN BELL, western division news editor of *Associated Press*, who reminisced on his experiences as a reporter.

Plans for active participation in the world's fair to be held in San Francisco in 1939 were discussed at the meeting.

★

Three outstanding Texas newspapermen were initiated as associate members of Sigma Delta Chi at a recent meeting of the Southern Methodist university and the Dallas alumni chapters of the professional journalistic fraternity. They were:

G. B. DEALEY, who was elected national honorary member of the organization at its national convention held in Dallas in November; JOHN E. KING, managing editor of the *Dallas News*; and PERCY D. ELDRED, state editor of the *Associated Press*. Mr. Dealey is publisher of the *Dallas News* and the *Dallas Journal*.

In charge of the initiation ceremony were LORRY JACOBS, O. K. KING, JR., NATHE P. BAGBY, LESTER JORDAN, and RICHARD WEST. Arrangements for the meeting were made by WAYNE GARD and CLIFTON BLACKMON of the Dallas chapter and O. K. KING, JR., and EUGENE KEY of the S. M. U. chapter.

Following the initiation ceremony, a letter written upon the significance of the occasion by WALTER HUMPHREY, former national president, was read. Short talks were then made by the three new members.

★

JOHN ZUG, assistant in the Des Moines bureau of *International News Service*, has been promoted to bureau manager, succeeding DARRELL GARWOOD, who has been transferred to the Chicago staff. PAUL ALLERUP, formerly of the Pittsburgh bureau, has been transferred to the New York staff. He is succeeded in Pittsburgh by RAY WILCOVE of the *INS* Detroit bureau.

WESLEY I. NUNN (Oklahoma '17) is advertising manager of the *Standard Oil Company of Indiana*, in Chicago. He resigned the same position with *Continental Oil Co.*, at Ponca City, Okla.

★

HOMER CROY, first graduate of the first school of journalism in the United States at the University of Missouri and prominent New York and Hollywood novelist, scenarist and humorist, discussed scenario writing and related humorous personal experiences at the Sigma Delta Chi Chicago alumni chapter luncheon Nov. 24. He was closely associated with the late Will Rogers in motion pictures.

★

WILLIAM FOREST CROUCH (Grinnell '27) and MARGO ELIZABETH NAPIER, Grinnell alumna, were married in Thorndike Hilton Memorial chapel at the University of Chicago last July. They live in Chicago, where Crouch is Chicago editor of the *Motion Picture Daily* and *Motion Picture Herald*.

★

JESS HILLER (Columbia '21), who has been active in editorial and publicity circles in New York for several years, and until recently publicity director of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, has been appointed to direct the publicity of the *Hotel New Yorker*, Frank L. Andrews, manager of the hotel, has announced.

★

MARCUS PURDUE (Indiana '35), formerly reporter on the staff of the *Evansville* (Ind.) *Journal*, has joined the reportorial staff of the *San Antonio* (Texas) *Evening News*.

★

C. HAROLD LAUCK, head of the *Journalism Laboratory Press* at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., has been appointed managing editor of the *Alumni Magazine of Washington and Lee University*. It is published five times a year.

★

H. L. KRUEGER (Illinois '31) left a position as editor of the *Lake Geneva* (Wis.) *Regional News* Dec. 21 to do sports and general editorial work on the *Joliet* (Ill.) *Herald News*.

★

AL WAYO (Wisconsin '29) is on the copy desk of the *Omaha World-Herald*. Wayo formerly was with the *Hammond* (Ind.) *Daily Times*.

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AS WE VIEW IT

Orchids and Roses

WE'RE doffing our hats this month to the reporters and photographers who have done such a swell job in telling the world of the havoc, destruction and despair that was left by the raging Ohio as it swept to the Mississippi, of that gallant battle at Cairo, of the work of the Red Cross, of the warm-hearted response of a nation to the needs of fellow countrymen caught in the flood's path.

We're also doffing our hats to the lads of radio—for the heroic work that was theirs in the time of crisis—for some of the most tense and dramatic moments radio has ever known. Those minutes—hours—of sheer drama, stark realism that brought home as nothing else the terror of rivers gone mad.

Both radio and the press performed their tasks in a manner to make every man and woman serving in those fields proud. For the press, however, the job is not completed. The newspapers must tell the story of the reconstruction, the day-to-day account of a great section digging itself out of the mud, fighting disease and despair.

There is the story to be told of the steps that need to be taken to prevent a recurrence of the terrific toll wrought in this, the worst of all floods. Nor should the story of Dayton, Ohio, be overlooked. One of the worst stricken cities in the 1913 flood—Dayton went through the recent turbulent period in safety. The flood-prevention program that was set in motion in those dark days of rebuilding after the 1913 disaster stood the test. Dayton's story is an object lesson of what might be done elsewhere.

Less Modesty—More Ballyhoo

NEWSPAPERS have been too modest for their own good. They have served their readers well—brought them features galore—fought their battles—entertained and amused them—increased their knowledge.

But they've not always brought home to their readers the significance—the breadth—of the service given. There's such a thing as being blatant, boastful and bunk-dispensing. But there's also the opposite picture—of being too modest, too nonassertive.

These are times of ballyhoo—of justifiable self-advertising. As Joe Labine puts it in this issue of *THE QUILL*—if the columns of a newspaper are a good medium for an advertiser wanting to tell his story why aren't they a good medium for a paper to speak of its new serial, its new columnists, its variety and wealth of news and features? Good promotion is essential for the newspaper wanting to maintain the modern pace—to cope with the competition of radio and the movies. And promotion is a field a young man planning to make journalism his career might well consider.

Those Country Scribes

WE'VE gotten a lot of kick out of the laments from the state desks presided over by Messrs. Krawcheck and Leighty. And we're also getting a kick out of the retorts their remarks are drawing from the country scribes.

But mixed in with the kidding, the riding and the joshing on both sides there is plenty for serious consideration.

John Burnham makes a good point in this issue of *THE QUILL* when he asks what effort, if any, state editors make to train their correspondents—to tell them what they really want and expect from the rural sections and give them some idea of how to gather and present the necessary facts.

Some newspapers have prepared style books and manuals for their correspondents. These have helped solve the problems of the state editor and his rural aids to a considerable degree. Further instruction—plus better remuneration—probably would make the situation even brighter.

We've just received a "Manual for State Reporters" prepared by J. W. West, state editor of the Nashville (Tenn.) *Banner* which might well serve as a model for other newspapers wishing to improve their correspondents' copy. It's a course in journalism boiled down to 24 pages packed with information, hints, do's and don'ts. It treats of libel, ethics and tradition—lists principal news sources, gives tips on writing—and otherwise strives to make the correspondent understand, like and do his reportorial tasks well.

Editors in Hiding

NO editor who shuts himself up in his editorial sanctum—who shuns contact with the outside world at large, keeps members of his staff as far away from him as possible—can hope to do his job well.

The world moves on—sometimes wearily, sometimes slowly, frequently blindly, it appears, and often wildly—but it moves. The editor who makes his office a cloister—who limits his associations and contacts to a chosen coterie—is not the one who knows his readers and how to serve them.

Nor does the business manager who sticks too closely to his columns of figures—looking at the dollars and cents side of the business and ignoring or little caring about the editorial side of the publishing picture—get an idea of what it's all about.

If any one needs frequent vacations from duty—excursions into unknown fields, meetings where he can speak with other workers in his field—the editor does. It might be a good idea if he and the business manager went together.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

tion and leaving it to explode at the end of a two-minute interval. The men got clear of the trench and had started with the bomb when one of them was shot down by the Chinese. One of his comrades turned, dragged him back to the trench, and then rejoined the third man, helping him push the bomb into position. It let go just as it was thrust under the wire and the two men were blown to bits. The third man also was dead of his wounds.

"I cabled the corrected story that night, but nobody paid any attention to it and pictures of the three heroic privates, bombs tied around their necks, still are being circulated throughout the Orient as proof of the fanatic patriotism of Japanese soldiers. In Japan, especially, the original tale made a profound sensation. Motion pictures were built around it, poems and songs were written, and the incident within a month became part of the national folk lore. It is of such stuff, I fear, that many of the tales of fanatic martial heroism in all nations are constructed."

JUST about the time we were reading this portion of "Covering the Far East," a picture came to our desk. It showed a new monument that had just been unveiled in Japan. The subject of the monument was "the three human bombs" and showed the trio marching relentlessly forward, bearing the fatal bomb!

Our children and their children will read the story, we're sure, in the original form and not the corrected one that Correspondent Vaughn cabled to America.

HERE'S one of those stories that could originate only in a city room. It concerns Opie Read and comes to this yarn-gathering department from the Kansas City *Star* by way of *Publishers' Auxiliary* where Editor Elmo Scott Watson's shears are trained to let no good yarn escape. Thank you, Elmo, for snaring this one:

"Opie Read never hesitates to tell a story on himself. One of his best dates back to the period he worked on the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, when Henry Watterson, then editor, sent him on a two-day trip into the country to cover a meeting. Read, riding a *Courier-Journal* horse, suddenly caught the suggestive fragrance of a mint bed, apparently a very large mint bed, adumbrating a bever-

age toward which he had a distinct leaning. He was nearing the end of his first day's travel, and the sweet scent hinted, too, at repose. Read reined his horse, nodded to a stranger who was apparently the owner of the admirable mint bed. No one, the stranger explained to Read, had ever passed this mint bed without sampling the drink for which it was divinely appointed, and Read was not the man to scoff at such an ancient and delightful tradition. He decided he would drink just one julep.

"Three days later Read turned his back reluctantly on the mint bed. He had missed the meeting, lost his *Courier-Journal* mount and, he surmised, his job. Without bothering to

return to Louisville and argue the latter point with Watterson, he headed for Indianapolis, where, to his embarrassed amazement, he met Mr. Watterson.

"What happened to my horse?" Watterson asked.

"Lost."

"I understand that you stayed three days with the julep-making farmer," Mr. Watterson continued.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," the editor said, "he kept me three weeks in the same condition. Go back to work."

RICHARD P. CARTER (Washington & Lee '29) is on the city staff of the *Associated Press* in New York.

Puts the Right Man in the Right Place

What the Employers Have to Say—

Recently a leading wire association editor in conferring with a group of newspapermen praised the work of the Personnel Bureau as giving more satisfactory service than any similar agency.

He especially appreciated the attitude of the Bureau in refusing to recommend men unless they were particularly fitted for the job. This attitude, he said, made it possible for him to immediately appoint a man recommended by the Bureau, simply upon the basis of the Personnel Bureau recommendation.

Like this employer, many other employers are finding the same thing true of the Personnel Bureau and are coming back time and time again when they are in need of a man to replace one who has gone up or out. More and more employers are calling back to get another man "just like Mr. X," which is proof again that the Bureau has lived up to its slogan, "Puts the right man in the right place."

This slogan works to the good of both the employer and the employee. An employee who secures a position for which he is not particularly fitted, is unhappy and uncomfortable in his work, if the employer is not well satisfied.

When you meet your new employer and your new employee through the Personnel Bureau, your introduction is pleasant and the results are gratifying.

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